


the hero and the enemy

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by [arctich4re](#)

Summary

Technoblade didn't notice that the fight he'd intended to spectate had stopped until a knife flew his way. He snapped out a hand, catching it as it passed him. A long knife with a serrated edge. A stab from one of these was harder to recover from than a regular blade. Slowly, the edges of his mouth began to turn up.

He sliced at the body that followed, but his new combatant lurched backwards before the blade hit clothed flesh. *Blood for the blood god!* The voices now screamed, deafeningly, blocking out the surprised shouts of the others in the alleyway. *Blood, blood, blood.*

And they would have it.

(AKA: Technoblade finds himself in Hosu during the Hero Killer Stain arc, and happens upon the the fight with Stain.)

Notes

Copped out on the title; it's taken from 'creature' by half-alive.

I have a bit to say about this, but I'll save it for the end notes.

Enjoy :)

(EDIT: I MESSED UP THE POSTING DATE *AGAIN*. Changed it to today as of 8/8/2021)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

- Inspired by [From a dirty crime boy to a hero](#) by [yeet3ms](#)

The farce of an execution was scuffed, as Phil would say. Techno's glares made his would-be executioners flinch and avert their gazes, even as Tubbo delivered a speech to the audience, which consisted only of the Butcher Army. A kangaroo court of cowards.

Once upon a time, he would have been enraged, spitting mad and ready to raise hell in this city on stilts. It would be so easy, too; the fragile wooden sticks that form the foundation of New L'Manberg could be severed quickly, and with the collapse of the infrastructure, the country itself would soon follow. Countries were simple like that.

And that anger would come later. But for now, Techno stood defiantly in the cage at the front of the stage, ready to play his part. First came escaping and reclaiming his possessions. Revenge - on these fools who would drag him out of retirement, who would threaten others and unfairly confine his oldest friend - would be next.

He rolled his eyes as Punz leaped onto the stage, scattering sticks of TNT around. The mercenary held no Flint and Steel in his hands, but doubtlessly, one was in his inventory. The Butcher Army runs around like headless chickens as they neutralise the sudden threat, removing TNT, and Tubbo screams to Quackity to pull the lever.

The unmistakable thrum of adrenaline running through his veins, his heart pumping as an undercurrent of anticipation and boiling *irritation* kept him alert. Techno spotted Dream in the distance, riding Carl, and he knew that was where he needed to go, even as he turned to Ghostbur and half-heartedly congratulated him on his newest pet.

Then he heard it. An ominous clack of a trapdoor from above. He looked up, the slight swish of displaced air drawing his attention, and the anvil descended. His death-grip on his Totem of Undying tightened as he tensed, body yelling at him to move.

But there was nowhere to go, not within the one-block cage. There was no avoiding the inevitable, blinding pain. Even with the Totem ensuring that his three lives remained intact, Techno knew that for it to activate, the player needed to die.

There's a crack - and Technoblade felt unearthly agony for the briefest moment before the Totem burst into light, crumbling away in his fingers as a cool warmth engulfed him, the Totem's magic threading its way through the very essence of his being.

Phil noticed the problem before anyone else does, crying out over the cacophony of noise. "-Techno!"

There was something *wrong*, Technoblade realised. The Totem had worked, that much is undeniable, but there was an unnatural tugging sensation that had nothing to do with the way that his skin was stitching itself together, piece by piece; bone repairing and marrow vanishing from view, muscles sewing themselves together and tissue smoothing over to form skin.

"It's viridian." Phil breathed, staring at Techno with terrified anticipation.

Techno mouthed those words, which had carried across the stunned silence of the stage before it erupted into chaos anew. Ranboo's voice pierced through the haze asking nobody in particular why he hadn't died. He had just enough time to relish in Quackity's outraged expression before another feeling overcame him.

He wondered if disorientation was a common byproduct of using a Totem of Undying, before a yanking that certainly *wasn't* one made him double over, clutching his stomach as the odd sensation spread throughout his body. It was tingling. Not in a familiar way either - it was so starkly different from being splashed with a weakness potion or being stung by a pufferfish that it caught him off-guard.

Technoblade had just enough time to see both Phil and Dream falter out of the corners of his eyes before the world around him dissolved into a blur, the canvas being wiped away as the colours melded together.

His vision returned as the world reassembled itself around him, the harsh strokes of his surroundings painting a very different picture than the one he was used to. Techno inhaled sharply as he blinked, but the sight before him didn't dissipate.

Neither did the foreign sounds and scents that permeated his other senses, acrid smoke filling his lungs. Around him, in place of the spruce wood that predominantly constituted L'Manberg, was grey concrete as far as the eye could see, tall skyscrapers stretching into a sky dotted with pinprick stars. What manner of a server was this?

There was shouting around him, people panicking, and Technoblade jolted out of the way as a yellow blur whizzed past him at a speed faster than a crossbow bolt.

What had happened? Had the Totem of Undying malfunctioned, somehow?

But he was alive, despite the anvil having definitely caved in his skull. He'd felt it, and subsequently felt the Totem repairing his broken body before the onlookers even noticed the injuries he'd sustained.

Scanning the area, he noticed the high tension in the atmosphere, people scurrying around like panicked ants as crashes and loud explosions could be heard in the distance. Wherever he'd ended up, it didn't seem peaceful. That was alright. Technoblade had never been meant for peacetime, as he'd found out when the Butcher Army came knocking.

There was no time for thinking, at present. What he needed to do was survive and escape this frenzied place - a city? It seemed similar to some areas in Hypixel, yet more expansive, and there were items that he'd never seen before - and *then* finding his way back could take priority.

Techno grit his teeth, taking stock of his inventory. There was enough food to last him for a while, but nothing useful, save for five arrows that weren't much help without a bow or crossbow. In this regard, the Butcher Army had screwed him over.

And he couldn't do anything about that now. The Butcher Army was a server away, and no matter their actions in the past, they presently held no influence over his survival. And by the

gods, he would survive. Even deprived of resources, in a foreign land, amidst chaos... Technoblade never died.

Though as he crunched down on a golden apple, preparing for action, he'd never missed the chill of the snowy biome more.

Scaling the side of one of the shorter structures was simple enough. Unlike the ones that stretched into the sky, reaching impossibly for the moon hanging overhead, glowing through the smoke, the shorter ones had more handholds. Rather than stretching upwards with a single rounded surface of paneled glass - not completely unlike Tommy's pure-cobblestone towers - the ones that were only a couple of stories high had windows and windowsills that helped him to scale the building, even without the use of a pickaxe or any similar tool to help him out.

Of all the times to be launched into another world by a malfunctioning Totem of Undying, it had to be right after the Butcher Army had bereaved him of his tools and army. Hefting himself over the eaves of the building, he landed softly on both feet and looked around.

A fire to his left. A door to his right. Neither were all that useful, but it was more the view that he had scaled the building for. Techno extinguished the fire with the bucket of water in his inventory, then scooped the water back up before peering over the edge of the building.

From up here, the humans scurrying around below looked even more like ants than they had before. Frantic creatures, scattering aimlessly in blind panic, unable to look ahead and think rationally. By the sounds of it, it seemed that a solid quarter of them were running away from the nearest flames, stretching into the sky and licking at nearby tarmac and concrete, and towards another pile of rubble in the distance where battle still raged.

Fools, the lot of them. A piglin's hearing wasn't that much better than a human's, as a half-piglin's even less so - the humans had no excuse.

Something curious that he noted, however, was the flurry of movement at that battleground, the high pitched animalistic screech of a monster not completely sentient, if at all. Peering through the buildings of the concrete jungle, Techno saw dark figures descending upon a heavily populated site, and more coming as he followed their source upwards to the top of a skyscraper nearby.

There was no way he was climbing that glass monstrosity. But seeing a number of humans in costumes engage the *monsters* in combat, he realised that he didn't have to. They would take care of it.

Still - his train of thought was cut off as one of the creatures landed heavily on the side of the building he had scaled, just below his vantage point, and he lurched backwards instinctively. That wasn't ideal. The only items he had on him that could possibly be helpful were five arrows, six bones and a bucket of water. He had nearly a stack of golden apples, should worst come to worst, but he didn't think that creature would let him flee.

It really was horrifying, from an objective point of view. Borderline human, much like the skeletons and zombies he was used to, and similar in their like-minded determination to

destroy indiscriminately. Yet for all it appeared to have regressed mentally, the creature was physically advanced, with greyish-green wings adorning its back, along with visible muscles bulging unnaturally from the confines of its flesh.

The creature swiped at him, which he avoided with ease, and he took a chance and lobbed one of the arrows at it without a bow, hoping to draw blood. The arrow embedded itself in the thing's flesh without any visible consequence. Techno cursed, looking around to see if there was anything that could possibly be used as a weapon. If an arrow didn't faze the creature, he doubted a punch would.

Blood for the blood god. The voices chanted, but he ignored them with ease.

There wasn't anything in the vicinity. Nothing sharp, nothing that would pack a punch that wasn't secured to the ground. And while he *could* try ripping out one of the pipes that protruded from the side of the container on the opposite side of the roof, he didn't want to take his chances with what would be inside.

Blood for the blood god.

Bracing himself more for the upcoming onset of enraged voices than for the act he was about to perform, he edged around the perimeter of the roof, back to where he had pulled himself over its eaves. Even Technoblade knew when he was at a disadvantage; and recognising when to retreat so that one could live to fight another day was crucial in all types of warfare and battle.

He tugged his crimson cloak, battered, dirty and ripped from the encounter with the Butcher Army - they'd only let him keep it to prevent him from freezing to death on the way back to L'Manberg - tighter around his shoulders, and swiftly descended back towards the ground to escape the creature. The force of the wind on his exposed skin made him shiver as he landed, placing the bucket that still had water in it on the ground right before hitting it, then scooping it back up as he began to flee.

Blood for the blood god! The voices howled, flying into a pleading, begging, demanding rage, the individual sounds blurring together as Techno felt a migraine about to form.

It was a simple matter to disappear into the crowd, the panicked screams of the people he left for the creature to prey on in his wake piercing through the air. If he was weaker, the voices would have compelled him to turn around. But Techno had long learned to listen to his self-preservation instincts; without them, he'd be long dead, just another body for the Hypixel staff to clear away in the aftermath of one of their bloody 'games'.

Without hesitation, he rushed towards the outskirts of the city, moving away from the busy central that the creatures appeared to be congregating around. More people meant more prey, and more prey meant more predators.

Techno was taken off-guard when a large chunk of aquamarine ice burst out of a nearby alleyway, its shimmering surface reflecting the fires and flickering street lights alike. It jutted out from the narrow alley he was about to pass, stopping him in his tracks.

What is this? Techno thought, pausing in his tracks. From between the buildings, shouting could be heard, along with the unmistakable, jarring screech of a blade unsheathing. *Metal*, he realised. That was the sound of metal on metal grinding together to create a high-pitched ring that penetrated through the dull roars of panicking pedestrians in the background.

He flinched as ice shards rained down from above, iridescent pieces creating a beautiful sight that easily juxtaposed the conflict that concocted it. Raising one side of his cloak, he let the sharp pieces pummel his already-battered cloak, the thick woolen material holding up well despite its state of disrepair.

As he waited for the shower of ice to abate, Techno listened. Curiously, the sounds of battle coming from within the alleyway didn't seem to be between a person and a creature. From the yelling, the snarling, the- the sound of a blade squelching through someone's flesh.

Blood. Techno peered out from under his cloak, but kept away from the fight. *Blood!* The voices started to shout, raising their volume from the resentful murmur they had been before, sensing an opportunity.

"Not now." He muttered. His words were disregarded. Gradually, the ache building up in the back of his head began to intensify.

Blood for the blood god.

Technoblade didn't notice that the fight he had intended to spectate had stopped until a knife flew his way. He snapped out a hand, catching it as it passed him. *A weapon*. A long knife with a serrated edge. A stab from one of these was harder to recover from than a regular blade. His grip tightened around it as the edges of his mouth began to turn up.

He sliced at the body that followed, but the combatant lurched backwards before the blade hit clothed flesh. *Blood for the blood god!* The voices now screamed, deafeningly, blocking out the surprised shouts of the others in the alleyway. *Blood, blood, blood.*

A frightening smile split Techno's face into two as he stared down his opponent. Another golden apple found its way into his hand as he deliberately took a couple of bites in full view of his new *sacrifice*. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw four figures - two of them immobile on the ground, and two standing shakily. As he stood, readying his stance, he saw the two who could move reach for their incapable companions.

So those four were fighting this one guy? He didn't look like much, Technoblade thought, looking him up and down appraisingly. But he knew appearances could be deceiving. He'd learned how to fight young, after all.

And as the man advanced, a sword outstretched, the voices continued to chant. *Blood for the blood god*, they repeated, and for now, Techno was inclined to agree.

"The pros are here already?" The man snarled, his teeth gnashing.

For all that he decidedly wasn't a creature, he definitely acted like one. Techno didn't deign that with an answer, dodging the first slash with ease. *Pros?* He wondered, but the flurry of

calls for *blood* drowned his thoughts out, and before long, the fight was in full-swing. The man leaped up high, plunging towards him with his sword extended, and one of the others shouted a warning.

Thoughtful, yet ineffective. For someone like Technoblade, who had been fighting for most of his life to simultaneously control and feed the voices' constant hunger, and who specialised in sharp, quick and effective movements, the man's attack was simple enough to avoid. It was even easier to counter.

At the exact time that the sword rebounded off of the tough concrete where Techno had been moments before, he shoved the man with enough force to completely change his velocity, sending him into a wall before he even touched the ground.

Before the man could blink, Techno was on him. The sword was snatched from the ground to where it had clattered, and he swiped downwards in case the man's attempt at escaping the hit was to leap upwards as he had done before. It wasn't. Instead, his opponent heaved his body to a side, and stood quickly, slipping another two knives out of his clothing.

The man growled, jumping forward with both weapons stretching towards Techno. He parried the first attack and ducked under the second, but the man jumped backwards before Techno could take advantage of his overextension to slice upwards into the soft flesh of his stomach. Rather than attempting a direct assault again, he ran to the side, perhaps hoping to try a different angle.

This turned out to not be the case, as the area that the man had previously occupied was covered in ice in the next moment. At the other end of the glistening mass was a panting teenager with two-toned hair, right arm outstretched. Rather than pausing to wonder *how*, Techno took advantage of his opponent's slight pause to materialise the dagger he had pushed into his inventory and throw it at him.

When the man's eyes finally darted back to his actual opponent, it was too late. By telegraphing his movements before they happened, based on the battle that had occurred so far, the knife found its new home in the man's left leg. He had leaped towards the nearest wall, hoping to use it as leverage to launch himself higher, but the knife had crippled the leg facing the wall before he could make that second leap.

First blood.

The voices roared in satisfaction.

With a pleased smirk, Techno advanced on the man. Even now, he didn't give up. Techno could respect that - in the face of his bloodlust, many chose to crumple and beg for mercy. It was why he had earned the moniker of the 'Blood God', and in tandem with that thought, the voices continued to whisper into his ears. *Blood for the blood god.*

His opponent could still continue, but that was fixed easily. With a swift horizontal slash, the hand still holding a knife - the right one - was amputated cleanly. The arteries spasmed, preventing the blood from flowing out. The voices protested; yet as Techno didn't know if the

people behind him wanted the man dead or not, he didn't feel like taking his chances. As he raised the sword to angle it above the left wrist, a sickly groan came from behind him.

Raising an eyebrow, in one smooth movement, Techno turned to face the others in the vicinity, lifting his sword as his other hand knocked his opponent's against the wall, effectively knocking him out. Would they attempt to attack him now that one threat was down? Yet, instead of a fist or weapon, his eyes met the horror-filled eyes of three teenagers. One of them had clapped his hand over his mouth, fixated on the man's severed hand.

He eyed them, but they didn't make a move. "So... you guys were fighting this man?" Techno prompted, the first words he'd spoken since he'd arrived.

The boy dressed in fancy armour tore his gaze away from the hand on the ground and nodded mutely, his hand still clapped over his mouth.

Techno squinted at him judgmentally. "Is this much violence really enough to make you sick?"

The ice-conjuring one's lips turned down into a frown. "Iida is simply unused to it." He replied stiffly. "Despite the villain attacks on our class, neither Midoriya nor Iida have encountered much..." He paused as he searched for a word.

"Brutality?" The green-haired boy, Midoriya, supplied.

Techno zeroed in on one particular word as the other boy nodded. "Villain?" That was an interesting label to use - and class? It implied the presence of a schooling system, which were typically safe havens on servers for those who could afford it. This server was unlike any he'd previously encountered.

Midoriya opened his mouth, but before he could say a word, a faint moan emanated from the *other* prone body, lying halfway across the alleyway.

Iida turned, the green tint on his face fading quickly. "Native!" He cried, remembering the man.

As Iida helped Native to his feet, the ice-conjuring boy's gaze fell to the man that Techno had taken down. "We should probably tie up Stain." He said.

Stain. So that was the man's name. Techno would remember it; the man had been a strong opponent. Unlike so many of his previous combatants, Stain was a mixture of fast, efficient and ruthless - a perfect adversary that he wouldn't mind spilling the blood of. The voices were satiated, for now, a rare occurrence.

"What with?" Midoriya asked.

"His own scarf?" Techno quipped.

Midoriya shook his head. "Its tensile strength is too low. We need something he can't escape from. Even without... even without his dominant hand, Stain is still dangerous."

“Hm.” Techno stared at the man. *Dangerous* was one way to put it. But based on the pools of blood littering the alleyway, most of which looked fresh, the familiar smell permeating the air, it was a perfectly applicable label.

“Todoroki, is there anything there?” Iida called, walking back towards them with Native. The ice-conjuring boy - Todoroki - was rooting through a bin a bit deeper into the alleyway, looking for something to use as restraints.

A clanging and an ominous rattle later, Todoroki pulled a rope out of the bin. “Yes. It appears you can find anything at a trash collection site.”

Well, that was convenient. Techno to look at the others as Todoroki and Iida tied up Stain. It appeared that Native had pulled Midoriya onto his back, as Midoriya’s legs hung loose. He must have injured them in the fight.

Now that the fight was over, however, Midoriya chose to pipe up. “What’s your name, by the way?” That was directed at him. Technoblade considered answering for a moment.

His name was known across many of the servers he frequented, thanks to the fame he earned through his victories across Hypixel, MCM and MCC. To answer risked the chance of them recognising his name, no matter how far flung this server was. And while they didn’t know who he was on sight...

Names spread far quicker and further than faces.

“Techno.” He conceded, cutting the last half of his name.

Midoriya’s brow creased. “Techno? I’ve not heard of a hero called Techno...”

“Hero?” Techno barked a laugh incredulously. “I’m not a hero.”

Behind him, Todoroki and Iida froze.

“You’re not?” Native asked.

“Don’t you know that Heroes always die in the end? Theseus, Achilles, Jason - the Ancient Greeks knew the score, and it’s been proven time and time again since that heroics are a foolish notion.” He didn’t miss the way their eyes darted towards the hand still laying on the ground, the puddle of blood around it growing by the second. While the arm hadn’t bled red, the same couldn’t be said about the hand he had amputated.

The voices were a dull murmur of pleased indistinct words. *Blood*, the louder of them whispered still, but they were few and far between.

“What are you then?” Iida asked, voice faint. “Why did you interfere? The Hero Killer Stain is a formidable enemy, and without formal Hero training you might have been overwhelmed!”

The Hero Killer Stain? So his opponent, who had put up a wonderful fight and fought and bled so beautifully, also bore a resentment towards heroics. All the scriptures he had read as a

child and teenager flashed through his mind, and he looked upon the tied up man in a new light. Was his purpose to erase and cleanse?

Still, even if Stain's morals and ideologies lined up with his own, the voices had demanded it. The laws of this server appeared to allow it as well, since this Stain seemed to be viewed as a 'villain'. And he had made such a lovely sacrifice.

Techno turned to face them with a grin that must have looked downright feral to them. Slowly, faux-gently, he articulated his next few words loud and clear - as if it was the simplest thing in the world to say.

"I wanted *blood*."

End Notes

I'm going to be honest, this was intended to be a Techno & Wilbur fanfic-of-a-fanfic, but then I realised that the timeline I had constructed didn't line up with the fanfic I was going to base this off of - see; the inspiration up top.

In the end, it was just an experiment in action and fight scenes. I largely deal in interpersonal relations and fluff or hurt/comfort, so this was something new. Admittedly, it contains the longest piece of exposition without dialogue that I've written in a long time. I hope it turned out well; and if you have any comments (concrit included!) please leave them in the comments section!

Kudos are also appreciated if you enjoyed this one-shot ;) but I'm not going to force you.

[Ah, and since this work required a bit of research, here are my sources:

[Fighting style reference](#)

[Sword capabilities](#)

CW/TW: Sword cutting through stuff that simulates human flesh, incl. 2 pig corpses

[bleeding following amputation](#)

CW/TW: Discusses immediate biological effects of amputation]

(obligatory [Twitter](#) plug)

(If you see comments from a while ago below, that's because i fucked up the posting date and decided to republish later, by putting the fic into 'stasis' until today. It's from a while ago because I forgot to post it again.)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!